Gallipolis Journal.

JAMES HARPER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. "TRUTH AND JUSTICE." $1:50, IN ADVANCE.

Volume XXVII. GALLIPOLIS, OHIO, MAY 15, 1862. Number 26.

[From the Ironton Register.]

THE REBEL RAID AT GUYANDOTTE—CAPTURE OF UNION MEN—"FORWARD TO RICHMOND"—IMPRISONMENT IN A TOBACCO WAREHOUSE—INCIDENTS—RELEASE.

BY DR. J. MORRIS.

EDITOR REG:—At the solicitation of many friends, I propose to give you a full, and, as I think, correct history of the Rebel raid on Guyandotte, which occurred on the evening of the 10th of November last. I have seen, since my return from captivity in Richmond, several accounts of the fight, all slightly differing, and none entirely correct

It will be remembered, that Major K. V. Whaley was there, recruiting the 9th Virginia Regiment, and had at the time, about 130 men, 20 of whom were on furlough, and eighteen sick in the hospital, leaving an effective force of about 92 men.

The day was pleasant and fair, but about 4 o'clock it became quite cloudy. Maj. Whaley had, a few days previous, issued an order, recommending all to be faithful in attending public worship. The 10th, being Sabbath, and in accordance with the above named order and the desire of our own hearts, many of us repaired to the usual place of worship, where services were conducted by our Chaplain, the Rev. Mr Wheeler. After services were over, which was about 3 o'clock, we started home, some one way, and some another. I was walking very leisurely down Second street, and had just turned the corner of the street that runs down the Guyandotte river, when several shots were fired up Second street from below the bridge, the balls whistling past me, some striking Hite's house by my side. My first impression was, that our pickets had become alarmed, and fired at something, they knew not what. Paying no attention to it, I walked on, and as I passed Capt. Payne's quarters, I observed the men rushing out of their quarters, and the Capt ordering them to fall in ranks. I asked what was the mater, but received no reply. I then thought they were all getting frightened, and nothing to be alarmed at, and I very leisurely walked on; but had proceeded but a few steps, when a heavy fire came raking down street toward the Ohio river, the balls whizzing and buzzing over my head and to my left, I then began to feel indignant at our pickets, still supposing it was them firing, and turned around to go up and put a stop to it. As I turned round, I saw a man I took to be Dr. Bailey, coming out of the Quartermaster's Department with a gun in his hand, and started up the opposite side of the street. I walked on until I came near the corner of Hite's house, probably within two feet of where I was when the first shots were fired from the direction of the bridge, and then another heavy fire came raking up street from the same direction. I then knew it was not our pickets, and supposed the secessionists of Guyandotte and the surrounding country, with perhaps a small squad of Jenkin's Cavalry, had collected for the purpose of surprising and murdering us. I then turned and walked pretty rapidly toward the tavern, for the purpose of getting my pistol, and taking a hand, rather exulting in the idea that they had made the attack a little too soon, and that we would "wipe them out." I observed as I went to the tavern, that in the secession houses *not a light was to be seen*. I had proceeded but a few steps from the corner, when Capt. Payne ordered his men to shelter themselves in the alley and behind their quarters, and fire up street. The order was quickly obeyed, and a heavy fire belched forth from behind the building, which sent the deadly missiles whizzing and raking the street to my left. At the same instant I heard up street tumbling, snorting and falling of horses, and I knew the fire had done execution. Hurrying on, I passed through the bar-room of the tavern, into the hall, and up stairs, in all of which not a living soul was to be seen. The firing around town had by this time become pretty general. As I passed through the Bar-room, I heard the heavy and rapid tramp of horses, and just as I had arrived within two steps of the top of the stairs, they rushed to the hall door, and fired a heavy volley in through the hall, the balls of which must have riddled the stairs, for it made them tremble beneath me. At the same time, there was a rush in at the bar-room door, firing away in every direction. As I stepped in the hall up stairs, I found two men there. I proceeded in the dark to my room, opened the door, and stepped in, and just as I entered, a volley came in through the windows. I raised the lid of my trunk and got my pistol. As the firing was rapidly going on below I heard the heavy fall of men upon the floor, and one hollow and groan. I observed to the man in the room with me, that some person was hurt, and I was going down stairs. He caught hold of my arm, and said I should not go down, for I would certainly be killed, and do no good. Another volley was fired below, the glass shattered, and a women screamed as if hurt. I then started to go down stairs, and as I was about to descend, another, heavy volley was fired in the hall, and voices from below called out, "If there *is* any *d—d* Yankees up stairs, come down or we will burn the house down."

As I descended, I could see through the door that the hall was crowded with men, and all had their guns pointing at me. After I reached the floor, I stepped one or two steps toward the door, stepping over two dead men.—One wounded man lay at the side of the hall, in great pain. I told them (without directing my remarks to any one in particular,) that we ought to see what could be done for him. At the same time I opened the door leading into the sitting room, in which there was a light, into which he was at once removed. One of their surgeons assisted me in dressing one of his wounds, and then left. This was a flesh wound in the thigh. I observed he was bleeding pretty freely from his body, and on examination I found that a ball had entered the left and anterior portion of the abdomen, ranging downward and backward, and passing out just above the posterior portion of the illium or hip bone, from which he was bleeding freely. I applied cold water, to arrest the hemorhage. I then found Wm. Allen, one of our own men, in the room with a cut on his head and on his lip, and also a slight bayonet wound in the right and lower portion of the abdomen. I also dressed the hand of a small boy, who had been shot through the ball of the thumb. I then turned to finish dressing the wounds of the first, when I learned that he was a secessionist; but I rendered him all the assistance I could under the circumstances, and just as I had finished dressing his wounds, five burly fellows came in and asked me if I was not the d—d Yankee doctor. I told them I was the surgeon of the Regiment. They said they were sent to take me prisoner, and one of them caught me by each arm, and a third by my coat collar behind, and walked me pretty rapidly out of the room, whilst the other two followed with guns in hand. When we entered the barroom, they stopped, cut the straps off my trunk, and tied my hands behind me. Before tying me, however, they relieved me of everything I had about me but my pocket book, which they thought was filled with nothing but papers—the way and manner of which I will now describe. My shawl was the first that fell into their hands; one of them snatched it from my shoulders, giving the very decided reason, (which, by the by, was not very conclusive to my mind,) that "it was too good for a d—d Yankee son of a b—h." The next thing was to deliver up my arms. I had my revolver in my pocket, and took it out, and such grabbing and pulling as there was for it, reminded me of a pack of hungry wolves. Two or three of them began to feel about my body, and felt my watch in my side pocket, and asked what it was. I told them it was my watch, and in order to show them that it was no weapon, pulled it out, when one of them laid hold of it, assuring me that he would carry it for me, and in that particular he kept his word, for I have never seen it since; my penknife was next taken, which finished the weapon search.

At the time I entered the bar-room, there were eight or ten persons, among whom was John Clarkson, leader of the expedition, busily engaged in opening and overhauling the contents of trunks. Major Whaley's seemed to be the most prominent object of attraction, for there were five or six gathered around it, examining papers, and scattering things in every direction.

And every few minutes Clarkson would say, "Come, men, hunt that d—d Col." meaning Major Whaley.—In my trunk I had $33, which I was very anxious to get. They asked me if I had a trunk, I told them it was mine they cut the straps off. They at once opened it, and commenced examining its contents; and whilst they were intent upon examining the pictures, (as they called them) in one of my surgical works I, in order to give them all the surgical information I could, sat down by the side of my trunk, and commenced telling them the value of the books, and explaining the different parts of the human body represented by each plate; and while their attention was drawn to the *pictures*, I carefully slipped my fingers into the pocket, and between the index and second finger extracted therefrom a $20 Treasury Note, and stowed it away in my pocket. The balance of my money I had the mortification of seeing stowed away in the pocket of one of my captors. After removing everything from my trunk, they hurried me away to where they were gathering in the prisoners, which was occupied by us as a hospital.

On my arrival there, I found they had about 60, citizens and all; five of our men were there wounded, two severely, and three slightly. I asked one of the Captains to be good enough to untie my arms, that I might render some assistance to my wounded men. He very gruffly, replied, "He would see us all in h—ll first." I then went around our wounded, and encouraged them to bear their sufferings with fortitude, and, if possible, not let them know they were suffering. About an hour afterward, I asked another Captain to unloose my arms, that I might, at least, examine their wounds, and I received about the same reply as from the former. So I still had to wait.—About an hour more passed, and I appealed to Captain Poage, of the Valley Rangers, who was a large, rough, ugly looking customer, for the sake of humanity, to free my arms, as I was surgeon of the regiment, and wished to examine the condition of my wounded men. He heard me patiently and then replied, "certainly, sir, certainly, sir," and at once untied my arms. The term *sir* startled me more than the sight of the ghastly dead or the flowing blood of the wounded, for I had heard nothing from them but "d—d Yankees," "d—d Negro thief," &c., from the time I first descended the stairs.

On looking around the former hospital—for it was now converted or rather metamorphosed into a prison—I found everything taken and destroyed. Even the sick in the hospital had their quilts and blankets taken, and forced to endure the long, weary march, with nothing to protect them but their thin blouse and pants. There were two comforts, however, that escaped their notice; one, I think, belonged to Mr. Pollock, and the other to myself. I discovered mine lying off in a corner, partially covered with straw, and I at once began to wonder how I could smuggle it through. I wanted to go into my office, which was up stairs in the same building, but could not pass from one room into the other without a guard of two or three. The guard was appointed to conduct me to the room I had occupied as an office, and as I passed the corner where my comfort lay, I concluded to gather it up and take it along with me, although I felt that my *tenure* to it (as a lawyer would say) was by no means sure. for I saw, before I ascended the stairs, that their capacious eyes were upon it; but one of them, more generous than the rest, proposed to trade me an old watch for it. Thinking that I could secrete the watch much easier than I could the comfort, and being well convinced they would take it, I at once struck up a trade with my rebel customer, gave him the comfort, took the watch and stowed it snugly away in my fob; I then with my guard entered the room I had occupied as an office, and found everything demolished or carried away, my bandages were all gone, lint trampled under foot, bottles broken to pieces, and everything in a state of chaos. I then, with what little I could gather, dressed the wounds of our men. After I had finished, I was told there were two down street that could not be brought up; I asked the privilege to go and see them, which was granted, and a guard of three men sent with me. As we were proceeding down street, the guards walked into old man Ricket's house, and bid me follow. I am satisfied they made a mistake, for they never intended that I should see the dead and wounded Secessionists, but my eyes and ears were open, and I saw in the front room three that I believe were dead, two I am certain were, and three with whom they were working as if dressing wounds. I wanted to see what was going on in the next room, but was suddenly turned round and hastened out. I went first to see a man that was lying in Capt. Payne's evacuated quarters, who had his thigh terribly shattered. The poor fellow must have been suffering severely, but manifested heroic fortitude; he bore it without a groan, and even talked cheerfully about amputation. All that I could do for him that night, was to confine his limb in a straight position, and let him await an opportunity to amputate. I gave him a dose of morphine, and crossed the street to see another wounded man, who was shot through the upper portion of the right knee; although a severe wound, yet I had no doubt that early amputation would save his life. It was truly agonizing, to hear his groans, and the great burthen of his mind was, that he would not live to see his wife, who, I believe lived in Millersport. One of the rebel surgeons assisted me in dressing the first man's wound, and Mr. Hite (I believe it was) furnished me with a pine box lid for splints, and some material out of which I made the bandages.

When I again returned to the balance of the prisoners, I found another wounded man there by the name of Felix, a German from Barboursville; the ball entered near the mouth and lodged just under the skin in his neck. In a few minutes a brother of Felix's was brought in, shot through both arms, fracturing the ulna of the left, and passing through the fleshy part of the right fore-arm. Since my return, I have heard of another wounded man, that I suppose must have made his escape during the night, the nature of whose wounds I have not learned; but, I understand he was well attended to by Dr. C. Hall, of Burlington. As soon as day dawned they commenced tying, us, two and two, but before we marched into the streets, Mrs. Hibruner, a Union lady of Guyandotte, who had a son among the prisoners, came in to ask permission for a few of us to go to her house and get breakfast before leaving; but she was refused. She then told them defiantly that they would reap the bitter fruits of their cowardly act. Then, turning to her son, who appeared somewhat desponding, she said, "Stephen, cheer up, and my prayer is, that you may live to return and show these fellows that you are able and willing to defend your country to the last." She then hastened out to bring us some refreshments, but before she could return we were hurried away.

I will now give, as accurately as I can, a general summary of the whole engagement. The rebels were one thousand five hundred strong, and all well armed. They were of the Wise Legion, sent from their camp near Manassas, for the express purpose of making the attack on Guyandotte, of the situation of which they had been accurately informed, but two days before starting. They were commanded, as I have before said, by the notorious John Clarkson, of Kanawha, and the banditti Jenkins. I was acquainted with four of the rebels—James Hereford, R. Stribling, Jenkins, and Jacob Cumpson—the latter formerly of Ironton, Ohio.

They arrived at Borboursville, by forced marches, on the evening of the 8th day They surrounded the place, capturing all the Union men, to prevent word being carried to Guyandotte in advance of them. About dark they divided their forces, seven hundred crossing Guyan river, and passing down the opposite side to intercept any advance of our men across the bridge; those that came down the upper side of the river, about one and a half miles above the town, sent one of their number to a Union man's house, to murder him. He rode up to the house, called him out, and shot him dead. When they arrived at the upper end of town, they again divided; four companies charging down the outer streets, and the balance going down the street leading down the Guyan river; having distributed their men, as I have stated, and gained every desirable position, the attack was made as I have before observed; at the bridge, the contest was fierce; many of our men attempted to force themselves across it, but were repulsed by the overwhelming force stationed at its lower end. Some jumped over the bridge into the river, and perhaps a few made their escape by swimming ashore; some were captured in the stream, and one or two may have been shot there. As they charged through the streets, they fired indiscriminately on every person they met.

The cavalrymen, 33 in number, under Lieut. Feizel, at the first alarm, rushed to the stable; but before the attack was made there, Feizel, with nineteen or twenty of his company, broke for the hills and made their escape, leaving thirteen brave boys, who said they came to fight, and not to run, and with heroic bravery, they stood their ground, keeping at bay three or four hundred rebels, until their last round of ammunition was shot away, when they were compelled to surrender.—Among those who deserve great credit for their heroic defense at the stable, was, William R. McClure, of Burlington, who received a wound at the external angle of the right eye, and Clem Nantz, who was shot through the fleshy part of the thigh. All of them deserve the more credit, as they were fighting without a commander, and none yielded until the last cartridge they had was fired.

I am sorry I cannot speak in the same praise of Lieut. Feizel, I don't blame him nor his men so much for making their escape; but he is much to blame for disobeying orders. He may set up as a pretext that Major Whaley had no right to command him, which may be true in fact; but what was asked of him was no great burthen, and would have resulted in incalculable good to us all.

For had he obeyed the orders given him by Maj. Whaley, in the afternoon, the whole calamity might have been avoided. And now I will say, inasmuch as some have been disposed to blame the commander of the post, and charge him with treachery and cowardice, that both are utterly false. Major Whaley, under all occasions in which I saw him, manifested the truest patriotism and bravery; and although I did not see him during the fight, yet I have been informed since my release, that he was seen and heard at points of danger, urging his feeble and scattered force to save themselves as best they could; and I was told by H. Clay Pate, one of the rebel Captains who captured Major Whaley, that he tried to make the Major show him his men, and that he almost rammed his (Pate's) pistol down his (Whaley's) throat, to make him help hunt his men; but no threats could move him. I have also heard it charged that he had no pickets out, and that he was let off by Witcher's company on account of his adherance to, and his sympathy with the rebel cause. The first I will answer by steting that either Dr. Bailey or Lieut. Wilson, was officer of the day, which was sufficient evidence to every person acquainted with either Dr. Bailey or Lieut. Wilson, that our pickets were distributed and posted to the very best advantage. The latter charge is so utterly ridiculous, that I do not dream it worthy of refutation. (I hope Mr. Editor, you will excuse me for digressing from my subject; but I don't like to see a man's good name injured without cause.)

I stated above that had Lieut. Feizel obeyed orders, the calamity in a great measure might have been avoided.—The command given by the Major was this: "Lieutenant, I want you to take four or five men to night, and go five or six miles up Guyan scouting"—Feizel replied: "I did not come here to scout, but to recruit my horses and get them shod." The Major then replied, "If you come here to recruit on me, you must do duty," and repeated emphatically the above order.

He then drew his guns, and I had no doubt but that the order would be obeyed, *but it was not*. If it had been obeyed, our men could have come in, in advance of their jaded horses, and given us at least half an hour's notice; in which time we could have saved ourselves, by retreating to the hill, and firing on them unobserved, as they did on us; or we could have nearly, if not all crossed the river; or we could have collected our forces, posted them in those three brick houses at the upper end of the bridge, which would have given us a triangular position; from which we could have raked the street, and I am satisfied we could have held the position against their entire force until morning, unless we had been burned out.

I was satisfied before day-light, that the enemy had gained a dear victory, and notwithstanding we were prisoners, in the hands of a cruel tyrant, I felt a degree of pride and satisfaction at the results accomplished by our brave little Spartan band.

The result, according to my own observation, and the best evidence I can gather, is as follows: Federals killed, eight or nine—among whom was Dr. Bailey, of Portsmouth.—Wounded 11—six of whom were taken to Richmond, and five left; all those taken with us got well, and returned home; of those that were left, I am informed three died; among those taken were———Windle, Wm. R. McClure, and Wm. Allen, of Lawrance county, Felix, of Wayne county, Va. I do not recollect the names of the other two, but would say their wounds were slight.

They captured sixty-six prisoners belonging to the Regiment, and thirty-two citizens, making the whole number of prisoners ninety-eight; they also got about one hundred and twenty Enfield rifles, one and a half boxes of cartridges, twenty-seven horses, and their equipage, and about two hundred dollars worth of other Government stores. They robbed every Union man's store, and took all the private property they could carry away, that belonged either to the soldiers or Union citizens, making a sum total of twelve to fifteen hundred dollars worth.

Of the rebels, there were seven or eight killed, ten wounded, fifteen or twenty horses killed and eight or ten wounded. I closed my last week's article by stating that before we could have a bit of breakfast sent to us, we were hurried away. Well, we were marched off in the following manner: tied two and two, about fourteen inches apart, and filed out into the street; when we got out so as to form a straight line, a ¾ inch rope was made fast to the cord that bound the two first together, carried back to the next two, wound around the cord by which they were fastened, and so on through the whole line.

After we marched two or three hundred yards up Guyan, we were then halted, as I presume for the purpose of giving all so disposed, an opportunity to taunt and insult us, in which their cowardly propensity was freely indulged. Many of them, particularly the citizens of Guyandotte, were vociferous in their abuse, crying loudly for our blood. Some saying the ropes by which we were tied could be put to better use by hanging us. Not one of the cowardly villains would have dared to open his mouth, had a single man of us been free to meet insult; but we were powerless in their hands, and galling as it was, we were forced to submit. After their vocabulary of abuse had been exhausted, and they had satiated their cowardly spirits, by moving up and down our line, and poring upon us all manner of abuse, such as "d——d Yankees," "Come to steal our negroes," "Won't want to invade our soil again, will you?" "Thought we'd give you h——ll this time," "What did you come here for? Hired by Abe Lincoln, spose," "Can't fight with the South," "Whip you every time,"—but it is useless to follow their vocabulary further in this connection, for I shall have occasion to make use of it hereafter. Suffice it to say, the order was given to "forward march. double quick," and off we started at a pretty brisk run.

I happened to be tied with a worthy Union citizen of Guyandotte, Mr. Hayslip, a man about 60 years old. The word "forward march" was soon followed by "close up, close up, you d—d Yankee sons of b—hes—double quick there in front;" and we were forced to keep up with the body of Cavalry, whilst they were going at a brisk trot. We were placed about the centre of the column, which extended, for the greater part of the time, from one to two and a half miles. There was a perfect jam of men and horses all around us, until we got pretty well out into Logan county—so much so that we were momentarily in danger of being trod upon We were forced to follow the centre of the road, wading through mud and water, with every few minutes the urging command of "wade through there, you d—d Yankees,"—"plunge in"—"we'll show you how to invade our *soil!*"

We had marched about 6½ miles, when we heard the boom of the cannon at Guyandotte. There was evidently considerable alarm among the Cavalry. They urged us faster, and seemed more savage and brutal, if possible, than before.

They were expecting an attack from Col. Piatt's Zouaves, and the cannon roaring in their rear made them brutal in the speed with which they urged us on. Finding it was impossible for the men to stand it much longer at the rapid rate they were going, they halted us about five minutes before entering Barboursville, in which time they untied us and mounted each one on a horse behind one of their own men. We went like *mad* into Barboursville, where we again halted about five minutes to gather up the prisoners they had taken on the way down. We were forced to ride in that unpleasant way, about as fast as their horses could go, for about three or four miles, when we were dismounted and ordered to take it on foot; and I must say, I suffered more from that ride than from all the balance of the trip. It was with the greatest effort that I could walk, and nothing but a stoical determination not to let them know I was suffering kept me from sinking by the way.

After we had gone about 15 miles, a messenger from Guyan came up with us, (a German, I believe, by the name of Beekman,) and informed the Colonel that "the Yankees had come to Guyan, and burned the town entirely, and were murdering the citizens in the streets, regardless of age or sex." This added fury to their rage, and many of them swore vengeance upon us; but as good luck had it, another messenger arrived about the middle of the afternoon, who gave a very correct account of the thing as it occurred.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, we passed a little log house on the hillside, about fifteen steps from the road; and all that looked like sustaining life was a turnip patch, and many of the poor hungry prisoners will remember it, and its owner, as long as they live; for never did a man pull and throw turnips faster; and notwithstanding curse upon curse was heaped upon him, for throwing his turnips to the d—d Yankees, yet he heeded it not, but called to his assistance a little boy and girl, who seemed anxious that each prisoner should get a turnip or two as we were hurriedly marching past.

We put up that night about half-past 9 o'clock, and having marched forty-six miles through mud and rain, without anything to eat, save the turnips that some got, and not even being permitted to quench their thirst from the cooling streams by and through which we passed. It is impossible for me to describe our condition that night; suffice it to say it was wretched in the extreme, for we could neither sit nor lie down. Cold, wet and muddy, we were obliged to stand up the live-long night, suffering the extremes of hunger and thirst, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we could get out to attend to the calls of nature. Many of our men were taken from their beds in the hospital, and forced to undergo the hard laborious march, exposed to wet and cold, and it will be recollected that we were robbed of everything but the thin garb that covered our person. How the sick and wounded stood it, is more than I can tell; but it seems to me that a special Providence must have supported them. The night at length passed away, and the dawn was welcomed with daylight, for we felt that weary marching was a pleasure, compared to the crowded condition in which we spent the night. For breakfast, we received a small piece of meat, the first we had to eat, except the turnips that some got, since Sunday night. Here they released two prisoners—a Mr. Lawson and his comrade, who were in Guyandotte, at the time of the battle, buying wheat for Wm. H. Langley, of Gallipolis.

Major Whaley and myself were here put on what they called an easy parole, and it was the first time I had seen the Major since our capture. He was taken in charge by Captain Witcher, and I by Captain Poage, of the Valley Rangers. I was then permitted to ride, and fared very well during that day and night, except that I got nothing to eat until the following morning, which was Wednesday. The balance of the prisoners had a very hard day's march, being forced a distance of thirty-two miles, having nothing to eat until about half-past 9 o'clock on Wednesday, A. M.

We fell in with the main body of cavalry at Chapmansville, about 15 miles from Logan Court House, where the prisoners had been halted for the night. Here it was rumored that Major Whaley had made his escape, and that Witcher's company was in hot pursuit, and would doubtless recapture and shoot him. For some time, the whole thing was uncertain; but at length Col. Clarkson came up and confirmed the report, and ordered my parole taken from me. I was then told to dismount and put under guard. They were here expecting an attack by our forces crossing from Charleston; their pickets came in and reported 3,000 Yankees within 15 miles. We were hurried on, a good part of the time on double quick, until we reached Logan Court House. I should judge, Logan was inhabited by a set of desperadoes—almost every man was swearing vengeance upon the Yankees in general, and Major Whaley in particular, calling him all manner of hard names, and swearing that, if they could have seen him, he would never have run away; and I am convinced that it was a most fortunate escape, for he would never have lived to travel 75 miles further; a mob would have hung him.

We were here confined in the Court House. Cold, tired and hungry, some of our men were eating raw corn; others lay themselves on the benches and floor, overcome with fatigue; for my own part, I felt some anxiety, for I saw there was something more than usual in the actions of the Cavalry. I [illegible] there was a broken pane of glass, [illegible]ard Captain Pate sending some man on a scout; he told him to "bring in word by 12 o'clock, if he killed all the horses between here and there."—I did not know what place he alluded to, but supposed it was Chapmansville, which I learned afterward was the fact. I communicated my suspicions (which were that they were expecting an attack,) to some of my fellow prisoners, and Thos. Ross and I kept silent watch until the messenger returned, which was a few minutes before 12. He reported our men between Chapmansville and Logan Court House, 10 miles distant, which was the last we ever heard of them.

We were then called out, and formed in marching order, and traveled about 10 miles, when we were again halted until about 9 o'clock. Here we got a bite of bread and meat. While the scanty meal was being prepared we were forced into a little old ricketty grist mill, projecting over the rapid waters of Guyan river. We were pretty well jammed in, when the old frame began to weave about and some parts to give way. We all made a rush for the door, but were soon checked by guns and bayonets presented in front; and here we were forced to remain for four long hours in the horrid expectation of every moment being plunged into the angry gulf beneath us. We balanced ourselves, however, to the best advantage, and to our great joy it fell not.

When daylight came, I saw Mrs. Jacob Cumpston standing in the door of a little old half-frame, half-log house; and presently Jacob came and asked me if I wanted anything. I told him I would like to wash, if I could only have the privilege of going down to the water, which was only about fifteen feet from me. I had not been permitted heretofore even to wash the blood off my hands, which by this time had begun to emit a foul stench. He went back to the house, and brought down a washbasin, water, soap and towel, and I took a good wash, which was the most refreshing thing I had had since my captivity.

When we started from this place, I again became separated from my fellow prisoners, and saw them no more until the following day about 3 o'clock, during which time I was again in charge of Capt. Poage's company.—When I again joined the rest of the prisoners, I saw that hunger, fatigue and exposure was telling sadly upon them. During the day, we crossed one stream 92 times, nearly all having to wade it every time; it was about 30 yards wide, and from knee to waist deep; very rapid and cold. I now learned that shortly after I left the rest of the prisoners, on the day previous, Clarkson came up and ordered one of the prisoners—a man by the name of John Ross—to be hung, and gave him five minutes to say his prayers. He begged them to spare his life; and finding that it was unavailing, he started to run down the hill; they fired at him and broke one of his arms; he then turned to come back, pleading for them to spare his life, but they fired about 20 shots at him, and he fell dead by the road side, and was there left. They gave, as a reason, that he had killed some man in a drunken spree, some time before.

At night we were again crowded into a small log house, in which it was impossible to move without stepping on, or crowding some one out of his place. We would sit against one another and sleep, and laid one upon the other; but it was impossible for more than two-thirds or three-fourths to get down at the same time. I had always supposed that under such trying circumstances as we were passing through, men would exercise a patient, forbearing and sympathetic disposition towards one another; but I here found it quite the opposite. Many of the prisoners were fretful, quarrelsome, and actually ready to fight one another; and in several instances I had to select two or three of the more rational men, and post ourselves in such a position as to keep them from running over and trampling upon the sick and wounded. Self seemed to be the ruling passion, and I have no doubt that hunger, fatigue and exposure were the exciting causes that tended to the development of this intolerant and selfish disposition.

I have now somewhat in detail passed over five days of our weary march of 278 miles, which is but a type of the whole. The days, whether wet or dry, were occupied by weary marches of from 22 to 46 miles. Our nights were spent in trying to get a little rest and sleep, though suffering all that human nature could bear from cold and hunger. Some of the men were reduced to such a state of starvation, that they would eat raw corn, raw pump-